THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

A PRAYER.

"Give me the man-soul, God-pure, brave, serene—
To meet these days:
Ready to walk, head high, with firm, sure tread,
The year's strange ways!
I would be soul-poised, great in gentleness,
Gentle in power,
Rich in self-giving, pouring life and love
Into each hour.
Help me to sing and fight, not weep and cower,
When blows fall fast;
Patient to bear, strong to endure—Thy son,
True to the last.
Let me live grandly, seek the things that last,
Press toward Love's goal;
Win jewels, fame! Nay, better, when earth's past,
Stand a crowned soul!
So be my helper, Father—comfort me,
With staff and rod,
Till I shall give Thee back Thy year well lived
For man and God!

PACIFIC

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2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

More than 50,00,000 copies of Mr. Sankey's "Gospel Hymns" have been printed. The hymns have been sung around the world.

President Roosevelt is reported to have said to a leader of the National party in the Philippines that he favors independence for the Filipinos within twenty years.

The Democratic campaign button this year is adorned with a picture of Bryan, above which is inscribed, "I gave my dollar," and underneath, "Did you?" The button sells for $1.

A writer on Church Sanitation says: "Most of our churches still tolerate the old-time wool carpets, which not only harbor but nurture the tubercle bacillus, the diphtheria bacillus, the germ of la grippe, which is another bacillus, and various other germs less dangerous to life, but equally capable of causing sickness. We generally find also in church vestibules some kind of coarse and rough hempen floor coverings, with large coarse interstices into which mud, sputum, and other forms of filth readily fall, become dried and reduced to powder by the tramp of many feet, and then, when the jainitor does his sweeping, generally on Saturday so as to look spick and span on Sunday, this germ-laden dust is whiskey up into the atmosphere, all ready for inhalation by children and adults on Sunday morning."

Mr. Sankey was a Methodist until a few years ago, when he united with the Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York. The change is explained as follows: "It was no dissent from the teachings of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but was largely a matter of association and personal convenience. His family had attended Lafayette Avenue Church for twelve years, during which he accompanied them to the services. Warm friendship between the evangelist and Dr. Cuyler and Dr. Gregg, his successor, ensued; and, further, he said: 'Since the death of Mr. Moody I have been at home more than in former years, and I wished to worship with my family in what has been their religious home for many years. I have no quarrel or difference of viewpoint with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and am as heartily in sympathy with that denomination as on the day I joined its ranks.' "

In a book entitled "Christianity and the United States," Dr. J. F. Goucher says: "Of 387 members of the House of Representatives, 252, or 65 per cent. were reported, and 216, or 85 plus per cent of these, are members of the evangelical churches. Of the 90 senators, 60, or two-thirds, were reported, and 53, or 88 plus per cent, are connected with the evangelical churches, and nearly every member in both houses of Congress is a believer in some form of Christianity. Of the 9 members of the cabinet, 7 are evangelical Christians, 1 Roman Catholic and 1 Unitarian. Of the 9 members of the Supreme Court, 6 are evangelical Christians, 2 Roman Catholics and 1 Unitarian. There has never been an atheist or agnostic (with possibly one exception) among the judges of our Supreme Court. These men, who know evidence and constitute one of the great judicial bodies of the world, all (with one possible exception) have been believers in some form of Christianity. Of the 25 who have been President of the United States, all have been believers in Christianity, 16 have been communicants. Since President Lincoln, who was a man of faith and prayer, every one elected to that high office has been a communicant in some one of the evangelical churches."

When the settlement of the various nations was made with China for damages received during the Boxer troubles a large sum was assigned to the United States. Our government wasely and generously decided to apply this money to the settlement of legitimate private claims only, waiving any demands of its own. When all proper claims had been disposed of, a large balance was returned by Congress to the Chinese government. This generous act has made a profoundly favorable impression in the Chinese Empire; and the Imperial Government has determined to devote the entire amount to paying the expenses of promising Chinese youths in American universities. The Nashville Christian Advocate says, in commenting on this: "Now, in the name of common decency, let Congress enact laws which will open a door of welcome to these future students instead of allowing them to be treated at our borders as though they were thieves, lepers and highwaymen. It is a standing disgrace that the attitude of America toward immigrant Chinese has been hitherto dictated by a lot of lazy 'sandlotters' in San Francisco, themselves mostly foreigners and unwilling to compete in labor with industrious Chinese coolies."

Last week The Pacific contained a note concerning what has been widely heralded as a new variety of wheat. Since then we have noticed that the editor of the Religious Telescope wrote to the Department of Agriculture at Washington and received this in reply: "A variety of wheat under the name 'Alaska' is being widely advertised as capable of yielding at the rate of two hundred bushels to the acre 'under ordinary soil conditions,' and even better 'under extra conditions.' It is stated that this variety was found growing wild on the eastern coast of Alaska, and claims of the most extravagant nature are made for it. In consequence of this notoriety the Department is receiving many requests for seed. This type of wheat has been known for many years, both in this country and in Europe. It has been tried at several State Experiment Stations in the Western United States during the past fifteen years, but nowhere have the yields been high enough to merit attention. The wheat has been grown to a very limited extent on certain heavy, undrained soils in France for many years. In such locations it is said to yield rather better than ordinary wheat, but, as it is one of the poorest wheats known for making flour, it is never grown where the ordinary varieties of wheat will thrive."

The Roman Catholic Biblical Commission, appointed

some time ago by Pope Pius X, to make a revision of the Bible, will in all probability have some of the Old Testament books ready for publication this year. Writing in Rome a correspondent says: "The Commission has sought far and wide for the best material to aid it in its work, which it has determined to make as nearly perfect as possible. Abbe Gasquet, the English theologian, has been here several times recently in connection with the matter and has expressed his opinion that the work of revision is a most important one for the Church. Other members of the Commission, it must be stated, are not so enthusiastic and predict that notwithstanding the enormous expense which will be incidental to the undertaking, the work will be of little avail. But the Commission is sticking at its task and its members meet daily in the Vatican Library, where they are to be found diligently studying the ancient manuscripts. It is, of course, realized that great expense will attend not only the preparation of the revised Bible, but also its publication, and the Vatican authorities expect to recoup the administration by the sale of the work when it has been authorized and published. The Bible will be printed in the Vatican printing office, where there are facilities for publishing books in eleven languages, and some editions in still other languages may be issued from the printing office of the Propaganda, which has the type of Oriental languages. The friends of the pope, as well as he himself, expect the revised Bible to be one of the crowning acts of his pontificate, and if the work can be completed during his lifetime the name of Pius X will go down to posterity as one of the greatest of popes. Since the days of St. Jerome there has been no attempt to publish a special edition of the Bible, for the reason that until recent years all the work had to be written by hand by amanuenses, a number of whom worked together in one room under dictation. This method was followed in the days when there were no printing presses and it is because of this that the Vatican Library is so rich in its possession of illuminated manuscripts of the Bible."

THE SPRINGFIELD MOB.

(It was with amazement that the people of this country read recently of the race riot in Springfield, Illinois, under the very shadow of the monument to the Great Emancipator. What was the occasion of it? This is given in the article herewith by the Rev. A. C. Byerly of that city, which we condense from the Northwestern Christian Advocate.—Editor.)

The terrific explosion of mob violence at the capital of Illinois, which terrorized the city for days, and shocked the civilized world, was as unexpected and surprising as the eruption of Mount Pelee, or the earthquake in San Francisco. And yet there were premonitory warnings that it seems strange now were not heeded. A few weeks ago a degenerate negro with brain addled and passions inflamed with gin and cocaine procured in unspeakable dives, entered a respectable home at the midnight hour and attempted to assault a young girl, and when her father came to the rescue, he was stabbed to death by the desperado.

The whole city was shocked and roused to a pitch of anger dangerously near the mob spirit. The murderer was soon apprehended and placed in jail. To quiet the popular wrath, the authorities promised a speedy trial and punishment. A special grand jury was called, and the negro indicted for murder. But for some inexplicable reason the case was continued. Curses loud and deep followed this action of the court. It only needed a second provocation to precipitate anarchy.

The lax enforcement of law, and the absence of any fear of punishment had so emboldened criminals that the provocation was soon afforded in one of the most diabolical crimes that ever shocked a civilized community. Near the hour of midnight the home of a young street car conductor, situated in a highly respectable neighborhood, was invaded by a burly negro. In the absence of the husband, who had a night run, the young wife was dragged out of bed into the back yard, choked into insensibility and brutally assaulted, after which the villain fled, leaving his victim half dead.

By daylight the news of the outrage had spread over the city, producing a state of horror and consternation not to be described. A number of arrests were made during the day, and finally the perpetrator of the dastardly deed was identified by his victim, and placed in jail. Threats of lynching had been heard so frequently that when about four o'clock in the afternoon a crowd began to collect about the jail, the sheriff, fearful of what might happen after dark, when the turbulent classes from all quarters would flock downtown, called on Mr. Harry T. Loper to aid in transferring the two negro desperadoes to a place of safety. Mr. Loper responded with his automobile, the prisoners were slipped out by a back way, and, guarded by the sheriff and deputies, a lightning run was made to an adjoining village, where a train for Bloomington was caught, and the prisoners lodged safely in the McLean County jail. Soon after dark the streets were filled with excited people, all marching downtown. An immense crowd surrounded the jail, demanding the prisoners. The sheriff declared they were not there, and allowed a committee to search the jail. When the mob found they were foiled, their anger turned against Mr. Loper for assisting in the escape of the prisoners. The cry was raised, "On to Loper's! Hang Loper!"

And in a few minutes an angry, surging crowd began the wreck and loot of his large restaurant on Fifth street, in the very heart of the city. They fired shots, tore up the pavement, and with bricks and stones demolished the plate glass and everything breakable. Chairs and tables were piled on the automobile in the street and burned to ashes, threatening at one time a disastrous conflagration. The police were helpless, the local military company utterly inefficient.

The mob, conscious of its absolute power, inaugurated a reign of terror that was not subdued till Sunday afternoon, when almost the entire military force of the state had been rushed to the capital and were patroling every street. In the negro quarter, known as "The Black Belt," twenty-seven houses were burned, beside a number of business properties. The fire department was put out of business by the mob cutting the hose wherever an attempt was made to subdue the flames. Dives, conducted by blacks, were looted, and "nigger gin" still further demonized the infuriated crood. During the two days and nights in which anarchy reigned, property to the amount of $100,000 was destroyed, two negroes were lynched in the most horrible manner, four others, three of whom were white, were shot to death, and fifty or sixty wounded, many of them seriously. It is estimated that three thousand negroes have been driven from the city, while those that remain are in a state of terror pitiful to behold.

Governor Deneen took in the situation at once, and with tremendous energy soon had troops pouring into the city

in such numbers as to overawe the rioters. Order was restored and maintained at the point of the bayonet.

Now that the dreadful outbreak has spent its force, or at least is in sullen subjection, the public will want to know the occasion of it. The immediate cause were the two hideous outrages already mentioned. But the remote and real cause was the indescribable "black belt," which through twenty-five years of municipal misrule has grown to such proportions as to be a menace to the whole city.

For its size, it is not outclassed in infamy by Chinatown in San Francisco or the Whitechapel district in London.

Practically it is all disreputable. The houses were hovels, in which whites and blacks lived together promiscuously. Children of all shades ran through this miserable district, not knowing their parents. Whiskey and gin of the vilest concoction were retailed in unimaginable dives. "Drug stores," whose sole business was the sale of intoxicants, passion drugs and cocaine, abounded. The bottom of this cesspool was a reeking row of hovels known as "Cocaine Alley." Here the miserable wretches addicted to this terrible drug went to die. The huts that sheltered them would disgrace a kennel. Without roof, floor or windows, these shacks furnished some sort of protection to the dying victims of the drug.

Sandwiched in between these negro dens were resorts conducted by whites of such depravity that color was not recognized in their sinful traffic. This leprous locality increased and multiplied under police protection and political blackmail until it became a factor to be reckoned with in all municipal affairs. Negro bosses and ward heelers insolently asserted their power, and for a consideration delivered the vote of the gin joints and cocaine alleys to whomsoever they pleased. To such depths of debauchery has city politics descended that the "nigger vote" in this wretched district was more patronized and coddled than the decent citizenship of the entire remaining portion of the city. The price of votes was raised from time to time till it reached the five-dollar-a-head level. Leaders were naturally developed with whom candidates dickered. One of these was George Lee, who operated a negro rooming house that swarmed with colonies of illegal voters on the eve of elections. Lee was given the commission to get the voters and handle them. George Johnson, a rival leader, was the proprietor of a saloon and crap joint on the levee. All the negroes in the first ward owed allegiance of one kind or another to one or the other of these men. When a bad negro was arrested and thrown into jail, a demand from one of these leaders for his release was usually obeyed.

Under this terrible tutelage and systematic debauchery the negro population of Springfield has been handicapped in any effort for progress. The heroic struggle of the colored churches and the better element of the negro population to uplift their race, has been neutralized and defeated by shameless politicians and corrupt officials, who for personal gain or greed have not hesitated to debauch and destroy so far as they were able the manhood and self-respect of this unfortunate people. What could be expected of such conditions but riot and disorder? And to these add the fact that for years the town has been wide open. Saloons run day and night, Sunday included, in open defiance ofsta te under municipal authority. Low-down theaters and vaudeville performances reap their harvest Sunday nights. Wine rooms, houses of assignation and infinitely worse places are not only tolerated, but protected.

With such official connivance there was no expectation or fear of punishment on the part of the disreputable and disorderly element. When the riot began it might have been quelled before it became a mob by a proper display of authority and force.

But when the mayor ordered the crowds to disperse and warned them of the consequences of their riotous acts, they did not take him seriously. They were used to commands they understood they were not to obey, and they jeered and threatened him till he disappeared from the scene. The police made no serious attempt to interfere with the rioters, and the local military company would not fire on their friends.

The city was given over to anarchy. The mob, crazed with drink from looted negro saloons, and in the wild delirium of uncontrollable riot, burned and pillaged and murdered till daylight and the arrival of the military caused them to skulk to their hiding places.

Let no one believe for a moment that respectable citizens participated in these inhuman crimes. It was a crowd of drunken hoodlums and toughs seizing the opportunity to blut their infernal passions.

The grief and shame of the citizens of Springfield over this dreadful occurrence cannot be told. That the home and resting place of the Great Emancipator should become the scene of such bitter and bloody antipathy against the race for whom he gave his life, is a disgrace that can never be atoned for. And the bitterest wormwood in this cup of remorse is the reflection that they brought it on themselves.

They suffered official criminals to loot the city by corrupt administration. They allowed them to go on levying blackmail on every species of crime, multiplying the dives and joints and brothels in order to increase their guilty revenues, until they have filled the city with outlaws and built up a criminal community able to defy the municipality, and which only the state can control.

If any censure me for this dark picture of my own city, my defense is the necessity for telling the truth.

"Whosoever covereth his sin shall not prosper."

When the inquest is over and the responsibility for this dreadful riot is placed where it belongs, the verdict will be, "Corrupt and unprincipled politics."

SUMMER IN THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

W. N. Burr.

It has been my plan for some weeks to make "summer" in these parts end with the first of September, and to give attention in these scribblings to something else; but the summer refuses to end. It is holding on like a porous plaster, yielding a little to the pull of the passing weeks, but doggedly determined to die hard. A week ago we thought the end was near; but four or five days ago the heat revived, and taking a fresh grip on life summer in the San Joaquin Valley has been blazing away with something of its old July fervor—during the afternoons. Through the forenoons it has been quite languid, and we feel sure now that its last expiring breath for this year is "only a matter of a very short time," to quote the words that Socrates might have uttered when he drank the hemlock.

The warmth of the air today may have been somewhat intensified by the hot words that I did not utter as I read over my "Summer" jottings in this week's "Pacific," and found that occasionally the printer had substituted words for those I had written, thus making me responsible for some mighty poor writing that I never wrote at all. But I

ago when I was a callow youth, I ventured to send a sonnet to the Youth's Companion; and the fourteen lines were accepted, and paid for, and in due time printed in The Companion over my full name. And of all the typographical mutilations that my eyes have ever rested upon, the case of that sonnet, as the Companion printed it, is among the worst. The poor thing had no life left in it when the printer got through with it—it was bleeding from many wounds.

Now, if The Youth's Companion, with its multitude of editors, proof-readers, and everything else that a publication needs to bring it out "without spot or blemish" sometimes nods sleepily as if all its proof-readers were taking a nap or gone off on a vacation, what can be expected of a publication like The Pacific, that must depend upon the many-sided efforts of one man to make it speak true? Readers must cultivate the imagination, and try to read better words than the printed words, sometimes, when they come upon a senseless sentence. For instance: My "Summer" article in The Pacific for September 3 closes with these words: "The race moves steadily towards **alternate** good." That may be true, but it has not struck the San Joaquin Valley yet, and has no place in these chronicles. **"Alternate"** is the printer's word; mine was **"ultimate."** Five lines up the column the reader receives something of the same sort of shock that comes to one when he attempts to place his foot upon a step of the stairway and suddenly finds the step is not there. An entire line has dropped out, unnoticed by the printer. And "there are others." It is a little trying all around, but printers, editors, proof-readers, and writers will all "do the best they can," and readers must give us credit for being really a little brighter than we sometimes seem to be!

There came a man into these parts not long ago and spent a Sabbath evening and a Monday morning with us. He is the Superintendent of Home Missions, and we gave him hearty welcome, for it had been weeks, yea, months, since we had seen a brother from the outside world, and we were getting a bit lonely. Some of us who are **not** beneficiaries of the Home Missionary Society, and who rejoice as much as ever our Congregational independence—or is "autonomy" the more dignified word?—have a longing sometimes for a somebody who shall keep an eye on us, and come along once in a while to see what we are up to, anyway! The Conference "Superintendent" who is in the by-laws of the new "Northern California Congregational Conference" will be welcome to **some**, at least, of the self-supporting churches when he materializes, and comes to visit the somewhat isolated churches that need a little chirking-up once in a while, if they **are** able to support themselves without Home Missionary aid. The recent visit of Superintendent Rathbone helped us all to a little clearer realization of the fact that we belong to something, and somebody cares!

As we dip into the month of September we hear the premonitory sounds of coming school activities. Teachers and pupils are beginning to gather from near and from far, and in ten days from the day of this writing the bell will ring, and another school year will begin. Together with all this preparation for school work mingles the "getting ready" bustle for the County Fair. In a few weeks **summer** in the San Joaquin Valley will be quite a thing of the past for this year, and we shall all have plunged into the stirring activities of another fall and winter.

Tulare, Sept. 4, 1908.

have had experiences of that kind before, and have learned to restrain my inclination to make a fuss about it. Years

A LETTER FROM E. S. WILLIAMS.

Northanmpton, Mass., Sept 1st, 1908.

Dear Pacific Coast Friends:

Let me drop the "Three Oaks Acorns" for once and the "Aloha" nomme de plume and write you just the loving little letter that is in my heart. I learned something from morning worship at "The Northfield" in the dear old home of Moody. When my turn to lead came I suppose I was so full of the need of Grace Street Church, for which I can do so little, that I sympathized with these gathered friends at whose warm doors many causes were gathering for sympathy. My thought was turned to Psalm 41, first verse, "Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble." It were a strong statement if it read, "Blessed is he that delivereth the poor, the Lord will consider him in time of trouble." What a hustling of mortgages and coin, what overhauling of life plans, if we got that idea in our minds, deep down, and honestly. But that is only heathen conception. Cry very loud for God may hear; slay fat oxen, you can buy deliverance. Baal is worshipped that way. But the true conception is that if we love our brother, "consider" his case, turn over in our hearts the best plan for him whether it involves outlay or not, we get a dead square promise of deliverance. It's wonderful, but so it is. We can get a blessing on this letter even if it goes into the fire. That appeal from the little work in darkest Georgia, which we cannot answer, save with a prayer, important though it be as Booker Washington brings us a blessing, because we "consider" it, even though all things considered that appeal goes into the waste basket. So I spoke and prayed, and praised, and to my surprise and joy found others of the same mind, to whom the thought came with fresh power and comfort. You see it lets us all in on the ground floor, and we're richer than Rockefeller and Carnegie. They have to hire men to do the consideration, and to "consider" is a very personal matter. All I ask, dear Pacific Coaster, for this little paragraph, is that you read the next one.

Hard to Match.

Men and women are worth no more in San Francisco than they are in the wildest woods of noble Washington. Brother Walz's gospel in Green Street is no sweeter than Brother Clapp's in Oregon. That is sweet enough. Oh. how sweet the gospel is to the hungry heart of sinning yet aspiring man. "The Old, Old Story" that God cares for us. Jesus shows it. Jesus! Jesus!!

But I do not know another church, right in the thickest of a needy city district, where all kinds of needy souls congregate, that has been earthquaked, then burned, and on top of that lost twenty-five hundred dollars of its insurance money, through no fault of its own, by a bank failure. Do you? Do I not make an argument for every Congregationalist on our coast who knows it, to "consider" the matter of sending a little of that aid you felt like giving when the earth quaked, and the fire burned, and the dynamite destroyed in the greatest disaster our great and glorious Coast ever experienced. "Consider," brethren.

A Big Buckeye's Blessed Bright Half Dollar.

I know him; I've thanked him, and I've slapped him on the back hard—and I'll do it again when I see him. But I'll spare his modesty and save him from undue appeals, knowing he is almost swamped now. But with his sympathy for Brother Walz came a bright half dollar. I'm sure he wished it were a hundred or a thousand. He wrote something of the kind. I tell you friends if you "consider"

really and truly there'll be a rain of stamps and coin, and checks, and fountains of love and sympathy and prayer to warm up Green Street Church.

Mr. and Mrs. Walz have moved into the cold, bare church at 613 Green Street, and pay the rent their flat cost, to help the cause. Friends, in the way the Psalmist meant, let us "consider" a dedication for next Christmas.

EDWIN SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

REPORT OF THE 35th ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE PACIFIC.

On the first Wednesday of September the 35th Annual Meeting of the Board convened in Plymouth Church, San Francisco. Miss Richards presided, and led in opening devotional exercises, reading from Rev. 21.

The report of Recording Secretary was read; then Mrs. Jewett, Branch Secretary, said, "The Branches are a great help, but only one report has been received for this occasion—that from Washington, where they are very happy in securing the sum for which they aimed—$1,500. The Oregon Branch is doing good work, and is often heard from, through the President, Mrs. Gray. The women of Southern California Branch are very enthusiastic, and raise a large sum each year. It would be a great pleasure to see delegates from these Branches at this Annual Meeting. The Utah and Idaho Branches send their quota yearly."

Miss Edwards sent report of Cradle Roll, and Miss Parsons of Young People's Work. Many letters have been written and few responses received. Three superintendents have resigned, as has Mrs. Yarrow as Superintendent of Literature.

Mrs. Bakeman gave an interesting report of her work collecting material for and sending boxes to various places; this brings her in direct touch with the missionaries. One box was sent in March to Mr. and Mrs. Perkins in India, and one in May to Foochow Kindergarten. The Oregon Branch have sent a box to Foochow. In a letter from Mrs. Perkins, she says that the sum of $2.50 sent with the box provided one little girl with school books, clothes, cup and bowl for rice, and enough left to support her one month in school. So much for so little!

The report of the Home Secretary was divided into three heads: The "New Auxiliaries," ably represented by Mrs. E. E. Flint of Fitchburg; "Problems of the Interior Auxiliaries," a good paper by Mrs. E. S. Schuyler of Campbell, and "Opportunities of Auxiliaries About the Bay;" this was presented by Mrs. Brooks in the absence of Mrs. Wm. Elder.

Much interest was felt in a big bundle, which on being opened, proved to be two handsome quilts made by the "Girls Sunshine Circle, of Ceres, under the care of Mrs. H. Ankiny, and intended for the Chinese teachers of the Foochow kindergarten.

The Nominating Committee, Mrs. D. B. Gray, chairman, presented the following names for eleven Directors: Mrs. R. B. Cherington, Mrs. G. C. Adams, Mrs. C. R. Brown, Mrs. S. F. Bufford, Mrs. E. C. Evans, Mrs. H. E. Jewett, Miss M. C. McClees, Mrs. J. K. McLean, Mrs. E. R. Wagner, Mrs. E. L. Walz, Mrs. W. J. Wilcox, Rev. H. M. Tenney, Auditor. It was moved and carried that the Secretary cast ballot for this ticket, and they were declared duly elected.

Miss Richards said it was with deep regret that her name was left from list; it had been a great joy and inspiration to her, and only because other duties called had she resigned. Mrs. Jewett expressed her own and every one's feelings of regret, and a rising vote of appreciation of Miss Richard's leadership was given.

Mrs. Wagner, in her report of foreign work did not fail in interest. We have undertaken a new kindergarten work in Totton, Japan, a town on the western coast, 100 miles from Kobe; and we have a new missionary, Miss Clio S. Wilder, at Mt. Selinda, Africa.

Mrs. Adams brought news of Miss Denton, who came to Kobe to see her on June 8. The fund of $3000 for Foochow Kindergarten is at last completed; it has taken from March 19th to the present time.

The new work for Doshisha Girls' School must now be pushed. We have pledged $10,000, but the call is for $18,000 for a brick building. After lunch Mrs. Cherington read the 24th Psalm, and several short prayers followed.

A memorial of Mrs. Hatch, formerly of Mt. Selinda, was read by Mrs. Ferrier; her short life gave great promise; it was suggested that her infant son, Lawrence Edgar, be made a life member of our Board; and the sum was partly raised.

Miss McClees gave the total sum raised for the year as $12,452.88, and our deposit in bank $431.27. As we do not receive our list of appropriations until Nov. 1, it is necessary to have some money at hand, and she urged that gifts be sent early in the year.

Miss Gilmore, in a crisp paper, said it is easier to do things than to talk about them. The Sunday-schools and Christian Endeavor societies are good places to begin work for missions.

Capt. Walkup, of the little boat Hiram Bingham, gave some account of his work in the Islands, and of the school at Kusa, now 21 years old, and of the work of Misses Wilson and Ohu, whom he saw last October. The Gilbert Islands gave $400 in their Jubilee Year, 1907.

Mr. Tenney stirred all hearts with his plea to answer our own prayers, as far as work can do it; loyalty, obedience, and desire to see God's work carried on are necessary for each one.

A new vessel for Capt. Walkup will be finished about Nov. 1. All come to see it, and may it be wafted on not only by the winds of heaven, but by earnest prayers.

A closing hymn and benediction closed a stirring and guorious day.

V. BUFFORD,
Recording Secretary.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR SEPTEMBER 20.

By Rev. Henry K. Booth.

Commending Our Society—II By Supplying Church Workers. II Tim. 2:1-2; Prov. 22:6.

The motto, "For Christ and the Church," which briefly expresses the ultimate aim and purpose of the Christian Endeavor movement, ought to mean that every member of the society is pledged not only to loyalty to its own interests, but to the larger interests of the church. It is only by keeping this larger work before them that Christian Endeavor societies can grow and prosper. To become too exclusively self-centered means rapid deterioriation. For in all Christian organizations selfishness means suicide. The church itself must minister to something more than its own church membership if it is to live and be strong. Christian Endeavor has done much and may do more to develop alert, earnest, well-trained church workers; may become, as it should, the church's chief source of supply, to which it

may look for helpers in its every branch of labor. Let us briefly consider some of the avenues of church activity that open before the Christian Endeavorer:

I. The Sunday Services of the Church.

First of all the Christian Endeavorer may help by his own regular attendance at these services.

Second, by giving needed assistance in welcoming strangers, acting as ushers, decoration of the church, etc.

Third, as is done in some churches, occasionally or continually taking charge of the entire music, arrangement of service and assuming responsibility for the success of the evening service.

Fourth, by personal invitation, by the distribution of literature at hotels and on the streets to help to advertise the church services.

II. The Prayer Meeting.

Here also the Endeavorer may do much to be of real assistance:

First, by his own regular attendance. The prayer meeting is not for the older people; it is for you. You cannot afford to miss its stimulus and uplift, and your presence will be an inspiration to pastor and church. Read and heed I Tim. 4:12.

Second, by taking part in the meeting. The success of our prayer meetings today lies in large part in the training that the present participants received through their membership in a C. E. Society. Your own prayer meetings are a training school for self-expression through active participation in the church prayer meeting.

Third, by carrying into the prayer meeting your C. E. spirit of enthusiasm and hope. Many a decadent prayer meeting has been vitalized by the young people of a church.

III. The Sunday School.

Here is a great field of activity for which you are especially fitted.

First, you may help by taking a class in the Sunday-school. Do not think yourself too young or inexperienced. Do not say that you should rather be in a class and be a learner rather than a teacher. You will learn more by teaching than in the best-conducted Bible class; and from personal experience I can say that the younger teachers are nearly always the most successful.

Second, you may act as an officer and take part in the administration of the school. If you think yourself totally unfitted to teach, your talents may here be made of real use to the church.

Third, you may set out upon an earnest and diligent quest for new scholars. In your own neighborhood do you not know of some children that ought to be in your Sunday-school. Go and get them. Here is a work at your very door.

IV. The Evangelistic Work of the Church.

Here you may be of great help, in giving your services to aid in special meetings, in work upon the streets by holding services of song and praise, and above all by constituting yourself an evangelist for Christ and seeking to win the one near you to believe in Him.

V. The Missionary and Philanthropic Work of the Church.

Here your activity will only be limited by the scope or the missionary operations of your church. There is so much of this work to do that can best be done only by an Endeavorer—the visitation of hospitals, the services in the jails and almshouses, the work in social settlements, rescue missions and houses of refuge, the assistance to be rendered in orphanages and asylums, the practical administration of relief and charity—surely here are enough ways of service open to you in which you may engage.

VI. The Social Life of the Church.

If you have social talents here is a real opportunity to make your church a social center, to give it real social force, to create a social atmosphere, sane, helpful, vigorous, in which the church may grow and thrive. This is an important work which young people are especially fitted to do.

VII. The Visitorial Work of the Church.

Here also is a branch of church work always in dire need of workers. Let your pastor know that he may count on you for district visitation, for religious census, for the visitation of the sick and the "shut-ins," for calling upon strangers. You may become real pastoral assistants and do a large work for the enlargement and developing of the church life through this irksome but imperative necessary church activity.

These are but a few suggestions as to ways in which Christian Endeavorers may be useful, effictive church workers. Surely among all these varied forms of church-work you may find one that you can undertake "in His name." Will you not be true to your pledge to Christ and the church, and enlist in the ranks of the laborers who are working for His kingdom? "The harvest truly is pleanteous, but the laborers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that he send forth laborers into his harvest." It is the Master that summons you to your task.

Among the Churches.

San Francisco, Mission.—Five additions last Sunday.

Oakland, Fourth.—Five additions, two by confession—one from First Church.

Benicia.—Five additions last Sunday by letter. Congregations increasing. Sunday-school doing better.

San Francisco, Plymouth.—Hearty greetings to the pastor, Rev. J. C. Meserve, D.D., after absence of four months abroad.

Oakland, Fourth.—At the communion service on last Sunday morning, five united with the church, three on confession of faith.

Santa Ana.—The Rev. A. H. Hooker has resigned from a successful pastorate of three years and has entered the undertaking business at Riverside.

Oakland, Second.—Six additions, three by confession—one from First Church. Special song service in the evening. Great increase in congregation.

Fruitvale.—Five additions, two by letter. On a recent Sunday memorial service in honor of Mr. Sankey, using Gospel Hymns in the evening, much to enjoyment of people.

San Lorenzo.—Rev. F. A. Bissell, after supplying for several months, called to pastorate, salary considerably increased. Evening services renewed, with encouragement.

Haywards.—Course of lectures on "Christian Evidences From Scientific Standpoint" is bing given Sunday evenings at union services. Attendance good; lectures fine.

Black Diamond.—On learning that the pastor, Rev. C. C. Champlin, had declined a call from Martinez at an increased salary, gladly raised his salary beyond the amount offered him.

Niles.—The reports of the recent annual meeting showed a gratifying growth, increased interest and promising prospects for the future. The Rev. F. V. Jones enters on his fifth year as pastor.

Oakland, Plymouth.—Greatly encouraged by newcomers, who give evidence of permanency. Plan to rebuild organ and put it in first-class condition. This organ came from Plymouth Avenue, Oakland, and originally from First Church, San Francisco.

Clayton.—Though pastorless, the services are maintained regularly, Mr. Wetmore, one of the deacons, reading a sermon every Sunday. Debts are all paid, the effort on Sunday last to raise the balance being successful. All enjoyed the visit of Superintendent Rathbone.

Lodi.—The Lodi church had a delightful communion service on Sept. 6. Four united with the church by letter. The meeting was held in the new auditorium, the old one undergoing necessary repairs. We expect to dedicate the new church, all paid for, about Christmas time.

North Berkeley.—The mid-week meetings at the North Congregational Church have been well attended this past month the attendance varying between 70 and 90. Much interest is manifest in the course of lectures on "Genesis," now being given by the pastor, Rev. Henry K. Booth.

Chula Vista.—Rev. A. E. Tracy resigns at Chula Vista. This leaves an inviting field open. Chula Vista is a delightful place to live; is growing. Has electric cars to San Diego, eight miles distant. There is a fine parsonage. The church wishes to secure a pastor at once. Communications may be addressed to Dea A. Barber, or the clerk, Miss Bertha Rhoades.

Santa Cruz.—On Monday, August the 28th, the Home Department of the Sunday-school held a picnic, at which there were addresses on: The Value of Systematic Bible Study, Value of Daily Bible Study, Fellowship of the Country With the City Members in Bible Study, Influence of the Home Department. Miss Irma Allen's class now has an enrollment of 385, and is the largest in Northern California.

Crockett.—Rev. A. W. Pulcifer finds great satisfaction in the work connected with the new Club House, erected at an expense of $8,000, by the Refining Company and other friends. Rooms are admirably adapted for the young men—of whom Crockett has a goodly number—and is a place where a delightful evening may be spent free from evil influences. Mr. Pulcifer is the manager. At a recent church service several sailor lads were present, from ships lying in the harbor. They gave respectful attention and seemed greatly interested in the services. Another encouraging feature is the Junior Endeavor Society, under the leadership of an efficient young woman.

Avalon, Santa Catalina Island.—On August 30th, Rev Chas. W. Williams presented his resignation to take effect upon the conclusion of the ninth year of the pastorate, Nov. 1st. Health conditions make it essential to his continued usefulness that he will eave the all-sea climate and "go ashore." An extract from the resignation follows: "The pastorate thus closed has been one of uninterrupted unity, and has been attended by most gratifying results. The advance in material equipment evidences itself. The church has increased in membership and strength and the community interest has deepened. The summer congregations have been an inspiration, and during much of the winter the ministry has been manifestly a wide one. * * * The pastor's mother and sister, his constant co-workers, unite with him in deep gratitude for all the loyalty and affection of nine years." Mr. Williams locates temporarily in Pasadena.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The motto of the leaders of Congregational work in Oregon is, "Everlastingly at it—Praying, Giving, Doing." This has always been its watchword, but it has been emphasized more during the past year, particularly during the past eight months, than for a number of previous years in the same time; and the results for six months of the year are very encouraging. In this time nearly $1,000 have been been raised for home missions, the net gain in membership is 500—thirty churches reporting a net gain of 247 for the quarter ending June 30th—and fully 90 per cent of the churches have pastors or supplies. Special efforts will be put forth by all pastors, supplemented by the State Sunday-school and Home Missionary superintendents, to continue the good work in the same ratio for the remainder of the year.

Four movements have been inaugurated which, when under full headway, will aid largely in attaining the progress so much to be desired:

1. Believing that real fellowship is co-operation, special committees have been appointed over the state for the purpose of arranging meetings to recognize new pastors, to welcome new churches, to greet awakening churches, in order that all together may feel the mighty influence of our Congregational consciousness.

2. The organization of Congregational Brotherhoods constitutes another general movement. Our men are beginning to realize what they can do for the cause of Christ when organized.

3. In order that our young people may be awakened to their privilege and duties in the kingdom and in Congregationalism, Miss Bessie K. Luckey, of the First Church, Portland, a devoted worker and a most capable young woman, is heading a state movement among the Christian Endeavor Societies.

4. The other state movement is the organization of the League of the Family Altar. Knowing that a great deal of the power of early Congregationalism rested in the home and in family prayer, we are seeking to restore the old custom among our families.

In all these movements the state superintendents are asking pastors to take them up with their churches, in order that the effort may be a concerted one.

It is not expected that the summer quarter will show the increase indicated above, a portion of it being the vacation season, yet the outlook is bright, as several of the pastors have services in their churches every Sunday, and the prayer meetings have been held regularly.

Mississippi Avenue Church has bought lots in a new location, the present site being better adapted to business purposes than for a church, and will erect a building to cost $10,000.

Active work is under way in connection with the im-

provements in the Hassalo and Sunnyside churches.

Park Place Church, about ten miles south of Portland, Rev. Mr. Riggs, pastor, has plans for a new building.

Rev. Howard Gilpatrick has resigned the pastorate of the church at Hillsboro to accept a call from a church in Maine. What is a loss to Oregon will be a gain to the brotherhood in Maine, as Mr. Gilpatrick is an excellent man, and has done a good work at Hillsboro.

The church at Beaverton is growing under the pastorate of Rev. A. B. Snider. He is building a home in the center of the town. The next enterprise in order will be the erection of a new church.

Mr. Gordon Clapp, son of Rev. Cephas F. Clapp, has entered the ministry, and has taken the work of the Rainier Church.

Rev. E. C. Oakley and wife, of the Oregon City Church, have been spending the summer in Ohio and Michigan.

Rev. Evan P. Hughes has accepted a call to the Corvallis Church. This is a most important field, and Mr. Hughes is a good man for it.

Rev. G. W. Nelson has had some discouraging experiences at the St. John's Church, in that four families of his best workers have moved away. But he is not easily cast down, and proposes to fill up the ranks by working harder.

Rev. J. L. Jones is now entering upon his seventh year at the Ione Church. His is the second oldest pastorate among the Congregational churches of Oregon, Rev. John J. Staub, of Sunnyside Church, being the dean.

Rev. Vernon Cooke, who has been giving acceptable service to the Ingle Chapel, Umatilla county, has accepted a call to the Religious Work secretaryship of the Walla Walla Y. M. C. A. He will continue his studies in Whitman College.

Rev. T. F. Murphy, the new pastor of the Condon Church, who began his work there on August 1st, seems to be the right man in the right place. Owing to a supposed partial failure of crops the people thought that it would be very difficult to raise the pastor's salary, and hence called upon Superintendent Folsom, of the Home Missionary Society, to come over and help them. Three days were given, and the work was finished easily, mainly because of the good impression made by Mr. Murphy, and further, by the fact that, while there is a shortage in the production of wheat, as compared with other years, yet there is far from a failure, and the price is greater than in some previous years, thus making good the deficiency that was feared in large measure.

The Gaston Church recently voted to buy the Evangelical meeting-house at that place recently, and now it will have its own place of worship, which it has not had hitherto. Prof. F. C. Taylor, of the chair of Languages at Pacific University, has been supplying that church for several months, and will continue so doing during the winter.

One of the hard and discouraging fields in Oregon has been that of Sheridan and Willamina, in Yamhill county. Churches were organized at both points several years ago, and for a time good work was done; but as in many other places the pastors lacked the "virtue of continuance," and the membership became greatly scattered owing to the changing population; and while each church had a house of worship of its own, there were not members enough to sustain a pastor; consequently permission was given to other denominations to use the places of worship for their services. A few months ago Rev. Mrs. Ferris, of Michigan, a well known and tried Christian worker in that State, disiring a change, was given a call. She accepted, and began her work about three months ago. At Willamina she recently organized a church of nine members, a Ladies' Aid Society of 43 members, a Junior Y. P. S. C. E. of 25 and a Senior Y. P. S. C. E. of 30 members. The church is being painted, papered and decorated, and the surroundings of the church are being improved. Some time in September there will be a service of fellowship meetings in these churches, and the Willamina church will be dedicated. The outlook is growing more hopeful daily.

The church at Hillside, about eight miles north of Forest Grove, Rev. J. M. Baker, pastor, reports new life and activity. Several fine families have moved into the neighborhood, and a number of new members have been received.

Rev. Daniel Staver has been appointed Field Secretary of Pacific University. A very large class of new students is already assured for the new year. The past was a very prosperous year, but President Ferrin is determined to make the coming year the best in its history.

Rev. Cephas F. Clapp has been dividing his time between the church at Scappoose and the church at Forest Grove for several months past.

Portland, August 30, 1908.

JOTTINGS.

"Fruit in its Season."

I heard a good sermon a week or two ago on the tree that bringeth for its fruit in its season. The writer of the first Psalm finds in such a tree a picture of the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord. The sermon developed the symbol of which the Psalmist gave a hint. There were several phases in the picture, but the one which the preacher specially emphasized and which imprssed me most, was this: the tree bringeth forth its fruit **in its season.** My pet peach trees have been doing that. At best, only one year elapsed between the setting out of the little switches in the soil and the beauty of their blooming. Each in its season. First, some delicious **early** fruit; then the Crawfords, and now the Muirs. They were punctual, as indeed their Creator is in all things. The whole universe is witness to this fact. God is never behindhand, whether in the movements of the spheres, the ways of Providence or the operations of his grace.

Now it occurred that, riding in the street car the next morning after listening to that sermon, I could not help overhearing the conversation between two fellow-passengers, one of whom sat by my side and the other stood before him. The latter was a somewhat tall and very well-built man, with a pleasant expression of countenance, fairly intelligent, capable, I feel sure, of rendering good service to himself, his fellows and his God. He did not seem like a prosperous young man: one getting on.

I heard him say to his companion, "I am always late." He said it in a lightsome tone, as though it was nothing to blush for—a trifling peccadillo. But it was a long story that those four words set my fancy telling. Maybe in this instance the guess-work of it was all wrong, but it ran this way: As a boy he had the good opportunities of education which our public schools afford, and he was bright and quick to learn, but he was "always late." Therefore he was always behind. He lost not only credits and standing but much of what smoothes the rather rugged road to learning. And so he left school and went to work. His form and face helped him to get employment, but he was "always late," and therefore was the first to be discharged when times were dull, and the last to be taken back again

when business revived. He got little or no promotion, and will stay where he is till stranded hopelessly, because he was "always late."

I wonder how many precious hours have been stolen from me by people that were late. I once made an appointment with a young man to meet him at a certain office in order to render him a service which could bring me no return whatever, save the joy of having helped him up and on. I waited for him about three-quarters of an hour, and when at length he came there was no pretense of an apology, so utterly unconscious was he that he had done me wrong. Nothing could have tempted him to pick up a nickel belonging to me and carry it away; but I could better have spared many nickels than the priceless moments he had robbed me of.

Farewelling.

The Standard Dictionary does not recognize in the English language farewell as a verb. But who has a better right than the Salvation Army to coin a word, or to subdue one to its uses and thus enlarge its sphere? I have never had the privilege of seeing and listening when Salvation heroes farewelled. But I have read glowing accounts of both the scenes and the sayings, rich all through with brotherly fellowship, pleasant recollections, rousing songs and hearty good-will expressed in ardent prayers.

Quite otherwise it seems to have been when recently a noted preacher in the chief suburb of San Francisco farewelled. We know of it only by newspaper representations, but it would not be strange if it were thought by some of the reporters a pity to spoil a fine sensation out of consideration for mere truth. Renan is reported to have said something like that once: "A pity not to round a sentence handsomely even though you had to stretch the truth."

But we can scarcely doubt that the sermon was severe—"a scorcher," some would call it, as though to use the expression of a good old deacon to his pastor, after listening to a similar discourse, "I must have read the Master's orders wrong: did he say, 'Feed my sheep,' or 'Beat them'?" I am not referring to this incident in order to pass judgment on the retiring pastor. To his own Master he stands or falls. But I do raise my protest against the inferences which my favorite daily draws from it: "Doubtless other ministers of the gospel in Oakland, in San Francisco and in other cities have had a very similar experience where they are of the earnest and forceful kind. There are clergymen of the jellyfish order, to whom bread and butter are the highest good, who are not troubled by the contract between profession and practice, so often exemplified in church mmbership. A clergyman of Dr. Baker's mind very quickly is made to realize that his utterance in the pulpit is the subject of a strict censorship. As a teacher of applied morals his opinions and his illustrations must be cut to fit the sensibilities of influential people who run the church."

And so Dr. Brown of the same city, because he gets along very well with his great congregation and never needs to flay his brethren is "a clergyman of the jellyfish order." Otherwise he, too, would have found the eight or nine years of his pastorate "a period of storm and stress." And Dr. Adams, likewise, and Dr. Dille and all the rest of us who could spend decades with one people and part with them at last with mutual benedictions and even many tears! Dr. Baker may be a man, the courage of whose convictions keeps him quite near the fighting line, but he is no braver than his brethren. There doubtless are in the ministry, as in every other populous class of men, cowards and trimmers, but I have had fellowship with ministers from my boyhood to this day. I have been in most confidential relationship with a multitude of them. And I know whereof I affirm when I say that they are conscious of no thraldom to "the sensibilities of influential people." Braver men do not breathe than the vast majority of the preachers of the gospel. And their people wish to have it so. I never came into acquaintanceship with any church who wished for, or would long endure, a "clergyman of the jelly-fish order." True, they do not wish for a ranter, or for a common scold, but they are not unwilling to be told their faults in the frankest way, when the spirit that prompts the rebuke can be recognized as that of the Master—the spirit of genuine love. I myself have tried it and I know whereof I affirm. A church will stand by a true-hearted pastor, in nine cases out of ten, sharing his reproach with him, if he has incurred reproach through declaring boldly the whole counsel of God; and no man has ever left the ministry because he was of too "earnest and forceful a kind" to stay in it. W. C. P.

THE MINISTERS' MEETING.

The ministers' meeting at the Seminary Monday last, was well attended, most of the pastors having returned from their vacation trips. Several strangers were present—Rev. A. B. Patten of Santa Rosa, Rev. R. H. Sink of Stockton, Superintendent Maile of Southern California, and Rev. F. L. Goodspeed, D.D., of Springfield, Mass., who is now supplying First Church, Oakland. Dr. Adams gave an interesting account of his trip around the world. Next Monday Rev. A. B. Shield of Boston is to speak on "The Immanuel Movement," and one week later Rev. I. C. Meserve, D.D., just back from the Edinburgh Council.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Union for Northern California will be held in the First Congregational Church, Alameda, Thursday, September 17th. Morning session at 11 o'clock; afternoon at 1:30. The usual luncheon and social hour around the tables at noon.

CACHE OF STOLEN STUFF.

The unwritten law: Hire the sharpest lawyer.

Truth is beautiful—when it is about your neighbor. When it concerns yourself, it's plain, or even ugly.

The difference between a hard hitter and ready knocker lies in the fact that the former generally has other fields of usefulness.

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again"—but it is often a very late riser.

Some men waste ten dollars' worth of time on a ten-cent job and call it economy.

Every gun has two ends; so has every argument—and, besides, there's the kick.

Some people are converted—except for one thing.

THE HOME

GIFTS.

W. N. Burr.

'Every good gift, and every perfect gift, is from above."—James 1:17.

Unto the grain
The rain;
And unto the vine
Sunshine;
And unto the longing heart of man
The Giver who cares for the grain and the vine
Giveth Himself, be the day all grey,
Or bright with life's glad sunshine.

WHAT LOVE CAN DO.

By David Lyall.

[This article follows one given in our home department last week under the caption "The Better Part." They are taken from a series in the British Weekly, under the general caption of "Records of Cairn-Nethan.—Editor.]

It was on a market day again that David Rutherfurd came to have serious speech with me. A good many years had passed since his brother Jamie and Mamie Caldwell had taken French leave of Cairn-Nethan and crossed the tumbling seas to seek another home. In the interval I had met the Laird of Bankfoot in the ordinary way of business, and had never noticed any alteration in his ways. I knew him to be a successful man so far as the amassing of money was concerned, but of his inner life I was as ignorant as the day I saw him first, a raw ploughman lad, listening open-mouthed to the items of his uncle's will. But of the inner life of any man, even of him who walks and talks with us day by day, what know we?

Naught, until there comes a day, maybe, when the wind, blowing where it listeth, sweeps aside the veil and we stand astonied before the undreamed-of sight. So it was with me, not for the first nor the hundredth time, that day when David Rutherfurd sought private speech with me.

It was a snell day in January, with the snow on the ground, and more hidden at the back of the north wind; waiting to wrap us in the cold drifts. January was our dreaded month in the South Country, the month that never failed to bring us in real grips with winter. There was snow on David Rutherfurd's beard, and lying lightly on the plaid which he had never discarded, but wore always in the winter, with a sort of rugged grace, about his shoulders. He bade me good day but briefly, and, drawing in a chair with a noisy clatter, sat down opposite my desk.

"Can I speak to you for a moment, Maister Kirkland, on private business?"

"Certainly; I am at your service."

He fumbled in the breast pocket of his homespun coat, and drew from thence a letter, which he seemed to handle carefully.

"This is a letter from my brither's wife. Will ye be so good as to read it through?"

He smoothed it and held it out. I adjusted my spectacles, sat back, and did as he requested.

"This is sad news, Mr. Rutherfurd. Your sister-in-law writes as if she expected her husband's death at any moment."

"Yes, and d'ye see what she says? that even if he should live he'll never rise, nor walk, nor ride again. My God, him that was never ooten the open a' his days! He had better dee, I tell ye. It's what I would choose myself if I were like him."

"She doesn't say how the accident happened."

"Yes, she does. It was breakin' in a young horse. He was a perfect deil at it, an' feared naething under the sun. D'ye see what she says too? that their wee lassie has de'ed, and that they havena had much luck in Canada, whaur everybody thocht they were makin' a fortin. Ay, Canada's no what it's cracked up to be. It's easy to see that."

I folded up the letter and handed it back, looking gravely at Rutherfurd's face.

"Ay, as you say, they seem to have been very unlucky. Poor Mamie Caldwell. I am sorry for them both."

"So am I. I'm mair than sorry, an' I'll hae to dae something. I'm for Canada wi' the first boat I can get. When is there one?"

"What is your idea in seeking to go out now? It's a long, cold journey, and the Atlantic in January is not a bairn's cradle. Would the purpose not be served if you were to send them a cheque?"

He gave a short laugh.

"I'm a puir, stupid sumph, but I've mair sense than that, Maister Kirkland. It's plain that you dinna ken Mamie Caldwell; no, nor my brither Jamie. Between them they wad tear up the cheque, supposin' I was so faur left to mysel' as to send it, and send me the bits. It's no money they want. It was Jamie garred her write. Ye see what she says, that he keeps on aboot the time when we were laddies thegither at Snuffy Peter's schule. Yes, I'm for Canada. Tell me when there is a boat."

I rang the bell. The sailing bills were brought in, and in less than five minutes' time the thing was settled. That was Thursday morning. On Saturday afternoon David Rutherfurd would set sail from the port of Liverpool for Newfoundland, from whence he would then continue his journey across a continent to the foothills of the Rockies on his strange quest.

I forbore to suggest that perhaps he might arrive too late. I realized that something had come to the man, that his soul had awakened, and that this sudden journey marked a great crisis and epoch in his life.

"I hope you have a good foreman to leave at Bankfoot."

"Alec Purves will surely keep them at the plough tail or I come back inside o' twa months. I'll be in time for the sawin'," he said grimly. "And onywey, what does it matter? What's the place to me? I wish I had never seen it, for, look you, Maister Kirkland, I was a happier and a better man when I was drivin' a pair on anither man's place, and had my peace of mind."

I did not express the astonishment I felt, but for the first time in our acquaintance I shook him by the hand and wished him well, and a happier ending to his journey than he anticipated.

I held my tongue about the matter, and it was not until Sunday, when he was safely on the ocean, that his sudden journey became the talk at the kirk doors, giving rise to all sorts of wild speculation.

They had to go on speculating, for no word came across the dividing seas, and soon something else arose to occupy their attention and to drive David Rutherfurd and his affairs from their minds. Towards the latter end of February, however, I received a letter addressed in Ruther-

furd's uncouth handwriting, informing me in brief but graphic sentences how he had fared. He had had a terrible voyage, arriving at Halifax nine days overdue; then a five days' journey to the foothills of the Rockies, where he found his brother still in life, though lying a sheer hulk on his bed. The bit that concerned me was as follows:—

"I am bringing them back to Bankfoot, sailing the next Wednesday from New York, for I am told the journey is shorter from there, and the boats better. Will ye find me a decent woman to go up to Bankfoot and put the house in order, and send in what furniture you think it would need for my guid-sister's use? I leave everything to you, for indeed there is nobody else in Cairn-Nethan I could ask to serve me like this. And you will charge what you think fit for your trouble. I will pay. Jamie may live for years, and the house at Bankfoot is big enough. I'm thankful that I came, for he is like a bairn. As for Mamie, I do not ken what would have happened to her here. She has changed, and looks old and weary; but I will write no more."

I put the letter in my private drawer, and sat a few moments pondering on the mysterious workings of destiny, and especially on the strange turn that had come in the lives of these three people. The idea of Mamie Caldwell living at Bankfoot with the two men who had loved her struck me as a thing outside ordinary experience, and I waited with great interest for the arrival of the little party from America, not even certain whether Jamie himself would survive the voyage. In the meantime I got a decent widow woman installed as housekeeper at Bankfoot, and the place was in order for them whenever they liked to come. It was the tenth day of March when I received a message from Bankfoot, a note brought in with the gig by one of the farm lads, requesting me, if I could spare an hour, to come to Bankfoot. I felt sufficiently interested to set some things aside in order to drive back to Bankfoot, which we reached at tea-time. It was a beautiful soft afternoon, with a real touch of spring in the air, and I thought the place had never looked so bonnie, lying as it did to the sun. A woman's figure was at the door, not Mrs. Redpath, the housekeeper, who was a person of ample figure, but somebody very small and slight, leaning against the lintel, shading her face with her hand and looking somewhat wistfully, I thought, across the intervening valley where the Nethan water ran.

"That's Mrs. Jamie," observed the stolid farm hand. "She doesna look weel. If that's a' Canada can dae for folk, they'd better stop at hame."

"Let me down here, my lad. I'll walk through the little wood to the house door," I said, and stepped so lightly that I did not disturb Mrs. Jamie's reverie until I was too near for her to turn and run away. She had a very sweet face, but without color, and her eyes yere full of sadness, like those of a woman who had been through much sorrow. I bade her good day, and asked her how she felt after her voyage.

"Very well. I was not sick at all, but Jamie is very tired the day, and has not been able to get up."

"And the Laird himself? That was a brotherly act, Mrs. Jamie, to take that long journey for you and yours."

"Ay was it," she answered, and the color rose softly in her face. "Tell me something I dinna ken."

She did not speak saucily, nor even smile, as she opened the door and bade me enter.

"I have seen this place in my dreams, and it was never half as bonnie as it is the day, Mr. Kirkland. I wad like to greet, only I canna."

"You've been exiled, my dear woman," I said, giving her shoulder a pat. "You are not the stuff settlers are made of."

"No, ye never spoke a truer word. Come in, Mr. Kirkland, and I'll find Davie, unless ye would come up and see my man first. He's in his bed in Davie's room. It's the best o' a'thing we have here, and nae mistake."

I nodded, and followed her upstairs, and when I saw the wan, white face of Jamie Rutherfurd my heart sank. It seemed to me that death was written upon it. He smiled at sight of me, and when I sat down by his bed with the only remark a man could make on such an occasion, he smiled again.

"Maister Kirkland, d'ye mind the cracks you and I had afore me and Mamie took French leave? My, ye were a guid freen, but I'll tell ye what, neither o' us kent a blessed thing about Davie, and I'm no sure that we ken muckle yet. Did you ever, honestly now, think he could or would hae done what he has done?"

"Honestly, I never did."

"Maister Kirkland, pit doon your heid or I ask ye a question in a whisper. I suppose there's nae law that'll mak' it a' richt for a man to mairry his guid-sister."

"Not in this country yet, but it's coming, Jamie."

"I hope it'll come in time to benefit them I hae in my mind, for, look ye, Maister Kirkland, though Mamie's been the best wife in the world to me, her heart belangs to Davie, an' aye did. I saw that the very meenit he put his face inside the door that day in Canada when we werena expeckin' him."

"But as you are still alive, man, and likely to live, the law makes little difference," I said bluntly.

"I'll no live, nor I dinna want to live," he answered calmly. "I'm fell gled to be hame here, for, as I said to Mame, I didna think I could lie quate awa on thae heathenish slopes. You're a very clever man, an' if ye can dae onything to hurry on, ye ken what, it'll be something I'll thank ye for in this l life, and maybe in the next."

For the next twelve months there was witnessed a strange spectacle, the two brothers dwelling together in peace and love, in such harmony indeed as is rare in this world, and Mamie ministering to them both.

At the twelvemonth end Jamie Rutherfurd died, and his widow remained on at Bankfoot, and still there was not a word of ill-natured gossip regarding her or David Rutherfurd spoken from one end of the parish to another. There was something about them that lifted them clean above it. But I was in no way surprised to receive a visit by appointment from David Rutherfurd about ten months after his brother's death.

"I know what you've come about, my man; you want to marry your sister-in-law."

"Yes, I do. How did ye ken?" he asked stupidly.

"I jaloused it, but willing though I am, I can't help you. The law on the point is inexorable. Such a marriage is illegal in England and Scotland, and any children you might have would be illegitimate."

"So that's the law? Just as Mamie said."

"That's the law, and very sorry am I for you, Mr. Rutherfurd. One of the first things, if not indeed the very first, your brother said to me when I saw him that day at Bankfoot was to bid me get the law changed, and that speedily, so that you and Mamie might wed after he was away."

David Rutherfurd's strong features worked convulsively, and I saw that I had touched a sore point, regarding which he could not trust himself to speak.

"I'm sellin' up Bankfoot, Maister Kirkland, and Mamie and I will go where it is legal, that's a'."

"Well, you're very wise, and perhaps the day will come when you'll be able to come back again."

Rutherfurd shook his head.

"As to that, I'm no carin'," he answered with the air of a man who, having obtained the chief thing on which his heart is set, has a high scorn for all else.

"We'll hae as muckle siller as we want; and if they grow as guid corn in Jersey as potatoes, then we'll be a' richt."

"So it's to Jersey you'll go?"

"Yes, it's the nearest place to Scotland where the law will be on our side."

There was no difficulty in finding a purchaser for Bankfoot; indeed, even as we spoke I had one in my mind's eye, and all the negotiations were carried out quietly, so that the full blast of gossip did not break until they were actually away. So interested was I in the strange love-story of David Rutherfurd and Mamie Caldwell that, in company with the Rev. Mr. Roberton, the minister of the parish, as large-hearted a man as you could meet in a long day's march, I journeyed to Jersey to attend that strange and pathetic marriage. So we designated it to one another, but when we saw the bonnie bride, in her soft dove grey silk gown, and noted the light in her eyes, we changed our minds.

So that is the story of how Bankfoot did not pass to the third generation. Away on the uplands of that fairest of all the Channel Islands there is a sturdy Scotch family growing up who speak a strange mixture of broad Scotch and Island French, but who have made up to their father and mother for all they left on the banks of the Nethen Water, in the South Country of Scotland.

SAVED BY AN ALLIGATOR.

By Frank H. Sweet.

"Whist, boy!" said Dick, stopping his paddle and turning his head slightly. "I thoughtI heard oars."

"Some of the negroes coming up from below on a fishing trip," I suggested.

"No; it ain't none o' them," said Dick, "nur it ain't no bateau with wooden thole pins, nuther. Them's iron rullocks.

"Then it must be some of the white people from Apalachicola, coming up for ash wood for winter fuel. You know nearly all of the dagoes remained in town. Very few of them enlisted, and they wouldn't know how to live anywhere else than on the seacoast."

"Et ain't nobody from the town, Charley. Them ain't no slouches at the'r oars. I know who it is. It's them marines from the blockadin' squadron in the bay a-comin' up on a scout. I reckon we'd better git up an' git out o' this ef we don't want to be sent to Key West, or maybe overboard from the yardarm of a gunboat fer sharks ter feed on. Put that 'ere paddle o' yourn in the water, boy, an' let's see what you can do when yer does yer bes."

Dick had good reasons for not wanting to fall into the hands of the blockaders. He had at first been employed by Captain Budd to hunt for the blockading squadron, and had supplied the officers with deer and other wild game, as well as with a considerable number of cattle which roamed the woods and were any man's property who chose to kill them. But Dick soon became tired of the job, deserted it, and went into the service of Captain Dunham, of the Franklin Rifles. This force, together with a cavalry company, was then located at Camp Jehu, on the Dead Lakes, in Calhoun County, Florida.

I, too young to carry a gun, was a bugler in the cavalry company. Dick and I had left camp that morning on a bee hunt. Sugar was not always available in that section and honey made a good substitute, besides furnishing wax for candles in the officers' quarters. Consequently, Dick's services as a bee hunter were in demand.

We plied our paddles as noiselessly as possible. The dugout made swift and silent progress, but it was evident that the oarmen were gaining on us. Soon I could hear the plash as well as the clash of their blades. I cast an occasional glance over my shoulder at Dick, whose face was aglow with excitement and exertion.

"Paddle, boy!" hissed Dick. "Let into it! Ef we can git 'round that ar' p'int ahead of us afore they see us, we're all right. Paddle, I say! Them fellers have got lead in the'r guns, an' they know how ter use 'em, too. A pound more yet! That's right!"

The "p'int" was half a mile away when he spoke. We struck across the river to find easy water on the eastern side, and were pulling madly when a loud and clear command of "Halt! halt there!" rang over the water.

I looked around and saw a ship's launch with six bluejackets at the oars and four or five marines and officers in the stern.

"Paddle, boy!" cried Dick hoarsely, keeping his face steadily toward the bow. "Never say die! Paddle away, an' git 'round that p'int!"

The little dugout seemed lifted half out of the water at every one of Dick's short, powerful strokes.

"Halt! halt there! If you don't stop, we'll fire into you!" shouted the officer of the launch.

Why they did not fire at us, I never knew. Perhaps the threat was made to shorten the race, for they must have felt sure of capturing us within the next half mile. I felt perfectly sure that they would overtake us, too, and could see no sense in Dick's determination to keep on at the risk of being shot.

The shore was an almost impenetrable swamp, and it would have been madness to attempt escape by land. Without our dugout we must starve or surrender.

Another angry hail came from the commander of the launch just as we rounded the point, brushing the willows as we swept by.

"Now look out sharp!" Dick whispered. "Duck yer head, boy, an' here we go!"

With a dexterous twist of his paddle he whirled the little dugout's bow directly toward the willows. We shot through the pending boughs, snapping off small branches like so many pipe-stems. Then we ran into a little open space of water near the trunks of the trees, crowded between two of them, and shot far up on a sand bank barely covered with water.

"Out, now, boy! out fer life!" whispered Dick as he leaped from the stern of the boat. I was out as quickly as he. "Lay hold, now, an' pull her through!" He seized the bow and dragged the boat through the bushes ashore. I assisted him, tugging with all my might.

After we had gone two lengths of the dugout, I saw water through the willows just ahead of us. Then I

heard voices behind us not twenty yards away. "Give way, men!" cried the officer. "They are hiding n way, men!" cried the ocer. "They are hiding in the willows. There are the broken branches floating down."

After a few strokes of the oars the command, "Way enough!" was followed by the sound of water dropping from their raised blades. "Hey there! You come out of that instantly and surrender!" shouted the commander.

I looked at Dick. He had cast his eyes in the direction from which the sound came, but only grinned and said softly: "Better ketch us fust, ol' hoss!" Then to me: "Give her one more shove. Softly now, boy!" The little dugout slid noiselessly through the water.

Dick's paddle put us through the wreathing willow branches cautiously, for he was afraid of a volley from the guns of the marines.

As we emerged into the open water I raised my head and was about to put my paddle into the water when I saw in the boat, not a yard away from my feet, a cottonmouth mocassin snake. These deadly reptiles, the pest of Florida swamps, often crawl out upon the trunks and branches of trees inclining over the water. This one, startled by the passing of the dugout, had dropped unseen from his airy position into the bow of our boat while our heads were bent low to get through the willows. His black eyes were sparkling in the sunlight; his mouth, stretched to its greatest capacity, displayed his erected fangs; his ugly head was drawn back ready to strike me at my next motion.

To say that I was scared does not express my feelings. I forgot our pursuers—I forgot everything but the immediate danger from the mocassin. I yelled, threw up my feet, and went over backward into the river. Young as I was, I knew it was my only chance of escape.

As I came to the surface I saw Dick turn a back somersault over the stern of the dugout, though he had been far enough away from the snake to kill it with his paddle. I wondered at his plunge till his head reappeared, when he whispered hoarsely: "Under the water with you, boy, ef ye don't want yer head punched full o' bullet holes! Dive deep, an' swim fer the marsh behind you!"

I instantly leet my feet drop. Down I went like a stone. Then I struck out for the marsh. It was only a few yards away, but before I reached it I could hear through the water the dull reports of the volleys poured through the trees toward the sound of splashing water.

When I struck the rushes and came to the surface, Dick was not in sight. I was in plain view of the place where we came out of the willows, and was about to dive for a place lower down when I saw what looked like a piece of floating wood with two prominent knots not more than twenty yards above me. The knots were the top of the head and snout of an alligator. He had heard the racket and was evidently coming down to satisfy his curiosity.

This time it looked as if I could not escape, but I did not despair. Just above me was a tree, half fallen and lodged partly in the marsh. If I could reach that, I might get out so far on it that the creature could not reach me. I swam toward it. By this time the alligator was opposite me and must have scented me, for he turned and came slowly in my direction.

Then I heard the voices of the bluejackets and marines pushing their way through the scrub and trees. The sailors ran out on the willow branches with their short cutlasses, and chopped away the green boughs from their view. I was standing upon the log, and it was easy enough for them to see that I was only a boy. "Come, young fellow," said one of them; "swim to the willows, and we'll help you out. Don't be afraid. We won't hurt you." Just then they caught sight of the alligator.

"Look!" shouted one. "Good Lord! Boys, see the 'gator! He's going for the boy. Shoot him, somebody. Quick!"

Then there was a rattling fire from guns and revolvers. The alligator turned on his back and slowly sank from view. The sailors turned their attention to me again.

"Where's the man who was with you?" asked an officer.

"I don't know," I answered truthfully.

"What did you get out of the boat for?"

"A mocassin dropped into it as we came through the willows."

"Did he bite you?"

"No, sir."

"Could your companion swim?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then he must be hidden in the marsh." Turning to his men, he said: "Riddle that boat yonder with bullets. We'll stop him from getting out of this swamp except with us, at any rate."

The men shot into the dugout until it was almost full of water and had floated out of sight around the bend. Then the officer in command turned his attention to me again. "Now, youngster," he said, "let's see how you can swim. Come this way."

"How can I swim where the water is full of alligators?" said I evasively.

If Dick were lost, I was not unwilling to be captured; but I wanted to gain time, so that I might hear from him if alive.

"How else will you get out?" asked the officer.

"I don't know," I replied in a disconsolate voice.

"We can't drag our heavy boat over this spit of land. Is there any way to get around to you in a boat?"

Just then it occurred to me where I was. The flow of the sluggish current in the same direction as that of the main river had puzzled me at first, but now I undersood where it came from.

"Yes, sir," I said. "By going up the river two miles you will come to a drift of trees and logs where this channel leaves the main river. You can get your boat over them and come down here."

"Shall I have to go back again to get out?" he asked.

"No, sir. You can go on down this river. It is the Little St. Mark's. It runs into the bay three or four miles east of the big river."

"We'll do that," I heard him say to some one behind him, "and then perhaps we shall see some sign of the other fellow who was with the boy. I think he is Dick Green, who deserted from the ship six months ago. Leave two of the men here to watch the young fellow, and look out for Dick; it's hard to drown one of these bee hunters."

A few minutes after he was gone, I heard the cry of the long-eared owl down the river: "To-whoo, to-whoo-o, whowhoo, whoo-who-you?" I laughed, for I knew it was Dick signaling me.

"What are you laughing at?" asked one of the men left to watch me.

"Did you hear that owl?" I asked.

"Yes; what of that?"

"Did you ever hear anything like it in the country you come from?"

"We've got plenty of owls in the north."

"Yes; I know you have. But have you any that can talk—any that can ask questions like that one?"

"Talk?" he exclaimed. "I didn't hear any talkin'. What d'ye mean?"

"Can't you understand English?" I asked derisively. "This is what he says: 'Who-who, who- who, who-cooks-for-you?'"

I imitated the cry of the owl so loudly that I knew Dick would hear me. I knew, too, that he would understand that any reply from me which was different from his signal would mean danger. His answer came back plainer than before: "To-whoo, to-whoo-o, who-who, who-who-are-you?"

"Well, I'll be shot!" exclaimed the other sentinel. "Jim, if that's an owl, he kin talk!"

"Of course he can talk," I retorted. "All of our Florida owls of that breed can talk!"

I knew it would not take the launch more than an hour to make the round trip; and I was beginning to tremble a little at the prospect of being captured, after all, and by my own blunder. I had thought that the entire party would go in the launch, and that Dick could come up and take me off. I knew that if he were alive it would not take long to repair the dugout, which was of soft cottonwood, hard to split.

But now the men were in the way. They were watching me with more suspicion than I expected. The one who last spoke was not fully convinced that it was an owl he had heard.

The tide was rising and covering the log on which I stood. This forced me to go farther and farther into the marsh to keep out of the water. Still I could not rise high enough.

Five minutes more of suspense, and I heard the sound of oars up the river. Then Dick said softly behind me: "Charley, don't turn your head, boy. I've got the dugout in a creek here right behind you. Jist work up ther log a little furder, then squeal out an' yell as if somethin' had bit you, an' tumble right off the log. I'll take keer of you."

I did as directed. As I went down among the reeds, wailing piteously, Dick threshed around with his paddle for a few seconds, and bellowed exactly like an alligator. Then he drew me softly into the boat, which he pushed as softly along the tortuous water course up which he had come.

We heard a hail, which was answered by those in the launch. Then both of the watchers shouted: "Hurry up! somethin's caught the kid."

Soon the launch scraped on the log I had left. After many exclamations of surprise and pity from the sailors, I heard the lieutenant say: "You're right. The reeds are crushed down around here as if there had been a struggle. An alligator got him, after all."

"A talkin' 'gator," said Dick to me with a chuckle as he plied his paddle swiftly and noiselessly on our way down Little St. Mark's to liberty.—Nashville Christian Advocate.

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Attend to the so-called little things, the details of your business. It is their combiner forces, marching and fighting harmoniously together, that will enable you to capture the citadel of success. The great men of the world will have given great attention to the little things. Napoleon looked closely after the clothing, feeding, weaponing, and marching of his armies, for he knew that those were exactly the things that would make those armies effective when the day of battle came. Wellington was a master of detail. A. T. Stewart understood thoroughly all the minutae of his great business. "Little" things are little only to minds too little to comprehend their bigness.

Master some one business thoroughly. This is the age of concentration and specialization, of the mastery of one, or at the most, of a few things. The most successful men of today are specialists, experts, each in his own special province. Be one of these experts. Learn some one business thoroughly. Dont' try to be a jack of all trades. If your work is to be on shoes, master the shoe business. Know how the shoe is made, and all about the leather that goes into the making. Don't try to do a little carpentry, or blacksmithing, or wagon-making, to help out the shoe business. Focus all your energies on shoes. Be a shoe expert. The few who climb to great success are the ones who master, not one, but all the details of their business, and let other businesses alone.

Be punctual. Keep your business appointments to the minute. You would not think of robbing your business associate of money; why, then, steal his time, which is more precious to him than money, by failing to keep an appointment or by coming late? Nothing begets confidence quicker than punctuality: and confidence is the soul of business. Distrust and success never go into partnership. "Punctuality is the politeness of kings," said Louis XVI. It is much more than this; it is the duty of all who need or use the time of others. Some make punctuality of others the thief of their time. If you wish to succeed, don't be one of those men.

Don't let the liquor habit master you. Better cut it out altogether. The road to success is paved literally miles deep with the bones of the victims of the drink devil; and yet, thousands, with wide-open, seeing eyes and feet treading these very bones, are at all times gradually yielding, soul and body, to the hypnotic glare of the Imp of the Bottle. It is one of the mysteries of human nature that men, with the evils of the drink habit looming up mountain-high constantly before them, will take no warning; will see their friends and business associates ruined, and yet turn from their graves and deliberately walk the road that led to their wrecking. Yes, you had better cut the liquor habit out altogether.

Work for your employer's interest. It is the best way to work for your own. The man who keeps his eyes on the clock never sees success. The clerk who is always ready to drop his work the minute the hour is up will never become a partner, nor have a business of his own. The worker who never tries to accomplish anything more than he is actually paid for doing, will never be paid for anything more than he actually accomplishes. Why should he be? The advancement, the increase of salary, will go to the man who has shown himself able to do more than what he has been doing; and it ought to go to him—every time.—Selected.

Do not think of your faults, still less of others' fault; in every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong; honor that; rejoice in it; and as you can, try to imitate it; and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes.—Ruskin.